

^{1 N. 8.}
Phænix Britannicus :

O R,

London Re-built.

I N A

P A N E G Y R I C K P O E M

On that Ancient

M E T R O P O L I S.

N O W

Englands Glory,

And the

V V o r l d s W o n d e r.

By J. Phillips.

Ex Cinere Floresco.

March 20. Licens'd Roger L'estrage.

L O N D O N,

Printed by T. J. for S. Speed. 1672.

BDG. NO. 6116

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY



TO THE
RIGHT VVORSHIPFUL
Sir Robert Viner,
Knight and Baronet,
And Alderman of the City of London.

SIR,

T*Hough Dedications, those especially that usher Poetry into the World, are commonly reputed the Authors low design of Profit : Yet I hope this may claim an Exception from the General Rule, when I aver that it was never the intent or meaning of the Composure. However when that Famous Elegy made upon the Cities Death, thought it not a thing unseasonable to trouble the whole Body of the City then in Mourning, it may perhaps seem now the less impertinent, if this Panegyrick seek out for one single Patron to whom it may as freely communicate the General Joy now rising from the Cities Resurrection. A presumption that I hope may gain pardon, though from nothing more than the confidence it has in the choice of such an eminent Person,*
A 2 *whose*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

whose industrious Care in the designing, was equally deserving as your known Expences have been magnificent in finishing the famous subject of the following Poem: Which if it gain favour at your hands for the Subjects sake, is all the Author can expect who has no other Intercessour but that (as he hopes) prevailing charm to obtain his own pardon, and your leave to subscribe himself,

Your most humble Servant.

J. Phillips

Phœnix



Phænix Britannicus:

O R,

LONDON RE-BUILT.

TAke flight Immortal Fame, and use thy skill
To wake the drowfie World, thy Trumpet
fill

With the loud breath of all the Winds, that they
May the great News to all the Earth convey:
Such News as all the world ne're heard before;
Which had the *PREACHER* known, he had known
more.

Had ye but seen fair *LONDONS* lofty Tow'rs,
Almost as antient, as the Deludg'd Hours,
Hid in a Cloud of Fire, that still prest on,
By Heav'ns full Bellows to destruction blown,
While the turmoyled Throng, as if the Flames
Had chil'd their souls, stood all like men in dreams
Till to prevent the Foes immediate Rack,
They fall to work, and their own City sack;

B

Had

Phœnix Britannicus.

Had ye then thought on *Troy*, or *Corinths* Fall ,
This had out-history'd , and silenc'd all.
Carthage in smoke, a spark ; and *Rome's* great Heap
Were Mole-hills, to the Ruins of our *C H E A P*.
But here's a Wonder makes *Amazement* start ,
To see the *Temple* of the Nations *Heart*
In *three Days* ruin'd , and in *three Days* rear'd ,
As if *Divinity* had now appear'd ,
To act what once to scornful man it spoke.
For what but *Heav'n-born Zeal* could then provoke
That willingness, which did all Hearts inspire?
As if what *Fire* had wasted , should by *Fire*
Again be rear'd , and the proud Element
So fierce of late , were now grown penitent.
The King himself is *Prophet* too, and *Priest*,
Foretels it's *Grandeur* , and the Labor blest.

He bid the Kingdom's *Body* straight survey
The General Havock , and for Help make way
They soon contrive , and shew with high Applause
That they could Cities build , as well as Laws.
And sure a rare Example t'was to see ,
Among those Architects of high degree ,
Contending Art and a Judicious strife
To give the City Form , as well as Life ;
A Life establish'd on the Throne of Right.

They saw how the mad Fires enraged might,
Where

Phænix Britannicus.

Where it had plough'd up Houses and Estates,
Had sow'd the Heaps with Seeds of new Debates;
Debates, that like the Teeth of *Jason's Men*,
No sooner nipt, but they would spring agen.
While Law-enriching *Wrong* in Ambush lay
On doubtful Interests to make its prey.
Leaving no stone unturn'd, that might advance
Encroachment on the Poors Inheritance,
While your weak Tenant fetter'd in a Lease,
Is forc'd to *Chancery*, worse then the Disease;
But this our Prudent Overseers foresaw,
And therefore to the (c) *Magi* of the Law
They grant full Pow'r, t'was needless more to say
To those they knew could never go astray.
It seem'd a labour more than *Hercules*
Could undertake, so many minds to please,
But they that with an equal vigour stood
To order private right, and publick good,
To charm *Samballat* with their Equity,
That Justice and Convenience soon agree:
Those Clamours cease, and all are forward bent
Rather to lose, than hinder good intent.

As when the Sun has warm'd the lively Spring,
The painful Bees, obedient to their King,
Their *Fragrant Cities* labour to rebuild,
Some fetch Materials from the distant Field

(c) *The Judges sitting at
Cliffords
Inn.*

Phœnix Britannicus.

While others plye their busie toyl at home,
Till part by part, the lovely Pile become
One finish'd Wonder to the curious Eye;
So now the People gaining fresh supply
Of life and courage from their Sovereign's care,
To raise the Structure of an Age prepare.
For none but those that saw it, could have thought
An Age could in an Age have so much wrought.
The willing Woods their massie Timber send,
The Fields and Quarries their own Bowels lend
T'advance the Work, as if the teeming Earth
Had now conceiv'd, to give the City Birth.

And first observing Nature, they contrive
To frame the Heart, where life is first alive,
Gresham is now repay'd; He bears the Name;
Set up again to own a Nobler Frame.
It was a Task too hard for Mortall Flame
To touch the Stone devoted to his Fame;

(a) *Tithonus*
weary of the
long age he
had begd of
the Gods,
was turn'd
into a Gras-
hopper. *Gres-*
ham's Arms.

(b) Founded
in Q. E's
time.

As if (a) *Tithonus* had bequeath'd the years
He begg'd, unto his *Golden Grashoppers*.
Nor let this Pile, surpassing his, seem strange,
His was a (b) *Female*, This a *Male Exchange*.
Which first the King, the Kingdoms Soul, begun,
And finish'd, having onely laid one Stone.
Next him the Duke another Column reares,
Himself the Pillar of his Brother's Cares;

Nor

Phœnix Britannicus.

Nor would the Valiant Prince his labour spare,
Follow' by *Albemarle*, a *Third-Rate Star* ;
He would not fail to lay one stone, that had
The Nations *Corner-stone* to us convay'd :
A *Structure* sure that never can grow old,
When four such *Atlassè's* your weight uphold.

Here *Honoured Turner* to himself did raise
A lasting Record worthy of his Praise ;
His awful presence would be always by
His handy-work advancing with his eye,
Untill he saw compleated in his Year,
The *Publick Trophie* of his *Publick Care*.

View the *Majestick Front*, (c)where fixed stand
The *Guardian Angels* of our Sea and Land,
A *Dorick Miracle*, till mounting farther,
Ye spy a Wonder of *Corinthian Order*,
Whose lovely *Cornish* the fair *Burthen* bears
Where plays within the *Musick* of the *Sphears*,
As if those *Tunes* had been the *Builders Boon*,
To recreate the *Busie* hours of Noon:
Above, *Time* with a *Twofold Janus Face*
Orelooks the *City* in her *Nuptial Grace*,
Reaching his *Fore-top*, unto all hands kind,
Or else as if he now had *Locks* behind.

See the *Ascending Steps*, that proudly born
By their own weight, all underproptment scorn ;

C

Stones

(c)The Royal
Exchange.

Phænix Britannicus.

Stones in a League with such contrivance laid,
As only for the Throne of *Friendship* made.

Behold the *Walkes*, where *Traffick*, the *Worlds Friend*,
Searches all Nookes, that unto Riches tend;
Where every language speaks, and Nations range,
The World Epitomiz'd in an *Exchange*,
While from the *Vaults* belowv the distant *East*,
Pil'd up in ponderous heaps, by heaps oppress'd,
Send forth their spicy Odors to repay
The *Freight*, vvith *Incense* offer'd every day.

From hence let strangers go, and viewv that *Place*
Where Justice seated in Majestick Grace,
Does right to all her *Freemen* distribute,
Without the trouble of expensive Suit;
Where the *Grave Council* of the City sit
In splendid Pomp for such a Senate fit,
VVhere they that Built, novv study to preserve,
Commanding Laws which they themselves observe
There stands the *Lofty Guild*, both Hall and Court
A Spacious Pile, vvithout the vain support
Of Pillars, only filling room uprear'd,
VVhere Order svvay'd by Order vvell prepar'd,
Makes Forein eyes behold vvith silent awe
Their Kingly Banquets, and their trains of Lavv:
A Hall, that in one day more Plenty vvastes,
Than *Spains* Dominion in a tvelve moneth tastes.

And

Phœnix Britannicus.

And lest the vway to Justice should be blind,
A (d) *Kingly Street*, and by a *King* design'd, (d) *King-
street.*
Shews a wide passage to the Judgment-Seat,
Adorn'd with Ample Structures, till it meet
The Wealthy *Thamesis*, who every year
There waits, upon his Silver Back to bear
The *Cities* Pomp, confin'd to wait upon
The *Guardian* of their large Dominion.

Old (e) *Lud* put on his Ashie Weeds and mourn'd (e) *Ludgate.*
To see his ancient Gate to Ashes turn'd :
But soon he found his sorrow well repay'd,
Finding himself more Gayly since array'd.
And now resolves to watch his Gate alone,
Since his own Watchmen were so sleepy grown.

Fair (f) *Temple-Bar*, looks up with so much State, (f) *Temple-
Bar.*
More like an *Arch of Triumph*, than a Gate.
A stately Portal that lets none pass by,
Till it has parley'd with the *Gazers* eye ;
Whence *Admiration* first begins to ride
Through all the Splendour of the *Cities* Pride.
Astræa pleas'd to see her Followers care
To give her ruin'd Harbour new repair,
The *Inner Temple* makes her choicest Court,
More grac'd by Honour'd *Bridgemans* wide support.

Near which appears the Pleasure of the Age,
Nobler than *Pompeys* or *Verona's* Stage,

Phœnix Britannicus.

Where can ye go amiss, but still ye find
New Banquets for the greedy eye design'd?

In a more Royal State, not far from hence
Bridewell admires her new Magnificence,
Proudly forgets that she is still the Poors,
And only listens after Emperours;
Thinking the former Tract renew'd again,
Some other *Charles* the Fifth to entertain.

(g) *The Hospital.*

(g) *Young Edwards Other Gift for pious Use*
Dofts his old skin, and gorgeous Youth renevvs,
As if cold Charity by Fire reviv'd,
Only in flames, like *Salamanders* liv'd;
Or else that men believ'd those swift Repairs
So soon were hastened by the Orphans pray'rs.

(h) *Doctors Commons.*

In the same place where formerly it stood,
The *Commons* (h) make their Ancient station good :
Where Strangers, now, as well the Structure draws,
As the advantage of their Native Laws.

(i) *The public Halls.*

The (i) *Publick Halls* appear in every part,
Built to encourage every useful Art ;
Where *Lacedemon*-like the City meet,
And keep their *Publick Feasts* in every street ;
Where every Art becomes a *Mystery*,
Sworn not to let rewards of Labour dye.
Sweet *Little Oxford*, whose voluptuous site
Did all the Nation in distress invite ;

And

Phœnix Britannicus.

And lodging the vast Trains of Law and Court,
Made *Europe* ring with general Report;
Confesses now her glory overcome,
By her *Metropolis*, that here makes room
To feast the World with such Magnificence,
Where *Benefactors* are at no expence.

One stands among the *Croud*, which he that sees,
Beholds the truth of (1) *Jason's Golden Fleece*,
The Kingdoms *Loadstone*, whose *Magnetick Force*,
Attracts the *Treasure of the Universe*;
Where they that see the heaps of *Lemster Ore*
With all the vaster *Spoils*, and pretious *Store*
Of smoother *Plains*, and far-extending *Downs*,
Cloathing the *Peasant*, and enrobing *Crowns*:
Finding the world deceiv'd, more truly hold
Pan, and not *Pluto*, for the *God of Gold*.

(1) *Blackwell*
hall.

Nor can the toying *Workmans* ruder *Hurrey*,
Deafen the Ear to *Learnings Oratory*,
Learning is still advanc'd, the prop of all,
By those *Gamaliels*, to the *Learn'd St. Paul*,
The *Guild of Mercers*, who with eager haste,
Lest pityed youth their pretious time should waste,
While their own *Interests* neglected stand,
Build up their *Old Gymnasium* out of hand.
Finish'd with so much beauty that it seems
A Subject only for their *Scholars Theams*.

D

Nor

Phoenix Britannicus.

Nor needs Devotion soft Petitions make,
While every Parish strives to undertake
Their several Temples swift Repair, before
Exhorting whispers could their Aid implore.
Saint *Dunstan* happy first, who first did feel
The Comfort of a Noble *Matrons* zeal,
That left a powerful Charm to chace away
Those Gospel-Devils that in Ruins lay,
Unwilling they should now those *Tombs* molest,
Where She her self was gone to take her rest.

(k) *The New
Church in
Lumbard-
Street,*

No less Saint *Mary Woolnoth* (k) owes to Thee
Renowned VINE R, Rich in Piety :

That lives in happy ignorance, which is more,
Thy *Wealth on Earth*, or thy *Celestial Store* :

Two Stately Quires, where while the Organ plays,
The *Vocall VValls* repeat the Founders Praise.

If one fair Temple did so busie Fame,
With the continual sound of *Sions* Name,
Where can she find but from an Angels blast,
Assistance loud and long enough to last

The toyfome Praise of our *Seraphick* Glory,
VVhere every Temple is a *Sions* Story ?

So many, that she spares from her large store
To several that in *Forein Tongues* adore,
A *Holy Babel* Muster'd from abroad,
VVhere *Languages* confus'd, now worship God.

But

Phœnix Britannicus.

But for *Thee*, *Pauls*, thy greatness brings *Thee* low,
Shame on ill *Neighbours*, and a *Restless* *Foe*,
That keeps thy *Sovereign* from his quiet *Peace*,
And still his pious thoughts for *Thee* suppress,
Else would he ~~die~~ for *Thee*, and raise thy *Frame*
As high as is his own immortal *Fame*;
Yet still like some *Commander* *Main*, we see
Thy greatness living in the *vant* of *Thee*;
For Thou art only wanting, ~~only~~ Thou
To make all *Cities* to our *City* bow.

Nor need we wonder whence this *Grandeur*
flows,
While *Thamesis* so near his lustre shews,
Who proud of his *Employment*, every day
Sends his smooth *Torrent* posting to the *Sea*,
That still returns as often to unlade
The *Massie* *Burthens* of enriching *Trade*;
Where now a *Noble* *Key* with open room,
Welcomes the *Seaman*, and the *Vessel* home,
And finding the faint stream sink from its weight,
On her own shoulders takes the *Pond'rous* *Freight*,
A *Sumptuous* *Key*, but yet more *Sumptuous* made
By that *Fair* *Pile*, where *Cæsars* *Tribute* paid,
Supports the *Strength* that keeps his *Kingdome*
safe,
That tames the *Lyon*, breaks the *Ragged* *Staffe*.

Phœnix Britannicus.

Makes the submissive Crescent beg for Truce,
And from her Maintop crops the Flow'r deluce.
The Tower which Noble Robinson makes good,
Removes the vwooden heaps that late withstood
Her gaydelight to view the new repair,
And while her Standard wantons in the air,
Encourag'd by the Prospects influence,
To outward succour and her own defence,
Calls *Cæsar* now to his pains rewarded,
That built the Strength that such a City guarded.

Rise Drowsie STOW, and once more overlook
With thy old diligence, thy ancient Book;
Take to thy self *Cornelius Hollands Quill*,
And like to him thy Numerous pages fill;
For though thy Task were hard before, it now
Requires the trebled labour of thy Brow,
To speak of *Lanes* like Streets, and Streets like Towns,
Where Houses wear their Terrases like Crowns,
VWhere Embassies may ride and feed their eyes
VWith a long Scale of new Varieties,
VWhere each Balcony'd Front, well read, appears
A Story worthy of their Princes ears;
To tell of Palaces, where now we find
A race of Cities to the City joyn'd.
To tell of Markets, now like *Piazza's* made,
Fat from the Street to ampler space convay'd,

So

Phoenix Britannicus.

So vvell contriv'd both for Supply and Place,
That former trouble novv becomes a grace,
But vwhen you name the Place, to tell the store
That vweek by vweek, the single vweeks devour,
Is such an unexhausted Miracle,
That all the World could never parallel.
To tell how *Little Fleet* was cleans'd once more,
To bring advantage to the Neighbouring shore,
As if the City now her force did bend
To make the scorned Stream her bosome friend,
Who makes the *publick Nufance, publick Good,*
Owing for beauty and plenty to the *Flood.*
To tell how soon, as men had men been born,
The City saw her Ancient Trade return,
And then to tell of Hills that level made,
Give easie passage to the course of Trade :
To tell how every *Publick* house assumes
The State of Palaces in lofty Rooms,
As if, by hidden signs they did presage
The War-like Triumphs of the present age.
To tell the prodigies of *Fine* and *Rent,*
Which *Trade* returns, as if not paid, but lent,
While *Coffee*, Prophet-like, despis'd at home,
Grows Rich abroad, and for a single Room,
More like some great *Seraglio*, dares advance
A Sum to set a *Marquess* up in *France.*

E

VWhich

Phœnix Britannicus.

VVhich straight flows back in Tides of single
pence,

These things become thy *new Intelligence*,

And then eternal Monuments to raise

Worthy the *Builders* and *Contrivers* Praise,

VVorthy the pains of those whose honour'd care

Did *private Time* to *Publick Duty* spare.

Such Records would thy new Edition swell

Until it grew to Manly Miracle,

VVhose every Page would be a vvondrous
Story,

Relating *wonders* of a *Wonder's* Glory.

Thus Cities, like to men, their periods have;
From Youth to Age, from Age unto the Grave,
Making their mortal progress, till at last

The *Common Bane* of Countries layes 'em vvashte :

So *London* seem'd to fall, vvwhose *drooping Age*

Could not resist the *Burning Feavers* rage :

But now, as if the *Fiery Hurricane*

For *Death* himself had laid a *subtile train*;

Death in the *Cities fate* now finds *his own*,

And *buried lyes* in *Resurrection*.

So *former Favourites* of the *Deities*

Were straight reviv'd in *Metamorphosis*.

Narcissus in a Flower his Life out-liv'd,

And *Daphne* in a *Lawrel Death* deceiv'd.

Thus

Phœnix Britannicus.

Thus rose the City from her *Funeral Pile*,
The *New born Phœnix* of an *Ancient Isle* ;
Or else like *Enochs Change*, that *Death* defeated,
From one unto another life translated.
If from the *Cinders* of one City, then
Such charming beauty can grow up again ,
As she had only doff't her old Attire,
To rise more splendid from the *Bed of Fire* :
If the *quaint Flames* are now such *Artists* grown,
To burn a City into such *Renown* ;
As if they'd courted Ruine with intent
To make Her glorious in her Monument,
While Fire is but the Chariot that conveys
To a *New Life* the soon-repair'd Decays.
What Pomp is then for th' other World design'd,
When it shall be by scorching flames refin'd ?
'Tis still but Fire, Gods *Active Minister*,
That must *that Work* perform, and *Seats* prepare
Of burnish'd Gold, and polish'd Jasper Stones,
For the *Bright Lamb*, and all his *Holy Ones*.
'Tis Fire that must the *Sun* it self benight,
And give his Room to more *Refulgent Light*,
'Tis *That same Fire*, that was the *Cities Bane*,
To give it more *Illustrious Life* again,
That must remove the *Old Worlds Rubbish Frame*,
To set in place the *New Jerusalem*,

E 2

VVhose

Phœnix Britannicus.

VVhose Glory is too bright for Mans display,
And none so much as gueſs at, only they
That in the *Mirror of Proportion* ſee
LONDON RE-BUILT, the WORLD'S EPITOME.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 3. line 19. for To read So. p. 8. 1. 7. for Tract read haſte.

